## Bayard Taylor in Northern Europe.

No. XXXII THE MIDNIGHT SCH. STEAMER GYLLER, Arctic Coran,

July 27, 1867. } the Alten Fiord. We had on board Mr. Thomas, the Superintendent of the Copper Works at Reafford, who has recently resigned his seat in the Storthing and given up his situation for the purpose of taking charge of some mines at Copiapo, in been for twenty years past one of the leading men of Finnark, and no other man, I wenture to say, has done more to improve and calighten this no piceted prevince. His loss will not easily be reto be absent more than five years, and will finally setura to the hand of his adoption. At Talvik, his win, pleasant, intelligent Norwegian lady, came on beard, and, as we passed the rocky pertals granding the entrance to the little barbor or Kasfore, a gun, planton on a ministure bettery above the landing-place, pealed t. ... h a salute of welsome. I sould partly understand a. Thomas's hag residence in these regions, when I saw what a wieturesque soot he had chosen for his home The enternous entrances to the copper mines yawned in the face of the cliff at ere the outer bay; below, on the water's edge, stood the smelting works, surrounded by laborers' cettages; a grecoful white church crowned a rocky headland a little farther on; and beyond, above a green lawn, decked with a few scattering birches, stood a comfortable massion, with a garden in the rear. The fing of Nerway and the cross of St. George floated from separate staffs on the lawn. There were a number of bouses, surrounded with potato-fields on the stope stretching around the bay, and an opening of the hills at its head gave us a glimpse of the fir forests of the inland valleys. On such a cloudless day as we had, it was a cheerful and home-like spot.

We took a friendly leave of Mr. Thomse and de parted, the little battery giving us I don't know low many three-gun salutes as we moved off. A number of whales spouted on all sides of us as we pressed the head of the Fiord to Besekop, near the mouth of the Alten River. This is a little village on a bare, rocky headland, which completely shuts out from view the rich valley of the Alten, about which the Finnarkers speak with so much enthucinero. "Ah, you should see the farms on the Alten," say they; "there we have large bouses, Selds, meadows, cattle, and the finest timber.' This is Altengand, familiar to all the readers of Mugge's "Afreja." The gaard, however, is a single large estate, and not a name applied to the whole district, as those unfamiliar with Norsk nomenclature might suppose. Here the Catholics have established a mission—ostensibly a missionary Scarding-house, for the purpose of acclimating Arc-Me apostles; but the people, who regard it with the greatest suspicion and distrust, suspect that the ullimate ebject is the overthrow of their inherited. renerated and deeply-rooted Lutheran faith. At Bosekop, we lost Pastor Hooslef, and took on beard the Chief of the Mission, the Catholic Bishop of the Arctic Zone-for I believe his diocese in cindes Greenland, Spitzbergen and Pelar America. Here is a Calmuck Tartar, thought I, as a short. strongly-built man, with sallow complexion, deepset eyes, broad nostrils heavy mouth, pointed chin and high cheek bones, stepped on board; but be proved to be a Russian baron, whose conversion cost him his estates. He had a massive head, however, in which intellect predominated, and his theroughly polished manners went far to counterset the effect of one of the most unprepossessing constenances I ever saw.

M. Gay, who had known the Bishop in Paris, at once entered into conversation with him. A short time afterward, my attention was drawn to the spot where they stood, by loud and angry exclamans. Two of our Norwegian savans stood before e Bishep, and one of them, with a face white with rage, was furiously vociferating: "It is not true! it is not true! Norway is a free country this respect it is not free," answered the Bishop, with more coolness than I thought be could have shown, ander such circumstances-"you know very well that no one can hold office except those who belong to your State Church: neither a Catho-He, nor a Methodist, nor a Quaker: whereas in France, as I have said, a Protestant may even be some a Minister of the Government." "But we to not believe in the Catholic Faith-we will have nothing to do with it !" screamed the Norwegian. "We are not discussing our creeds," snewered the Bishop: "I say that, though Norway is a free country, politically, it does not secure equal rights to all its citizens, and, so far as the teleration of religious beliefs is concerned, it is behind most other conntries of Europe." He thereupon retreated to the cabin, for a crowd had gathered about the disputants, and the deck-passengers, pressing aft, seemed more than usually excited by what was going on. The Norwegian, shaking with fury, hissed through his eet teeth: "How dare he come here to insult our national feeling!" Yes, but every word was true; and the scene was only another illustration of the intense vanity of the Norwegians in regard to their country. Woe to the man who says a word against Norway, though he say nothing but what everybody knows to be true! So long as you praise everything-scenery, people, climate, institutions and customs-or keep silent where you cannot praise, you have the most genial conversation; but drop a word of honest dissent or censure, and you will see how quickly every one draws back into his shell. There are parts of our own country where a foreigner might make the same observation. Let a Norwegian travel in the Southern States, and dare to say a word in objection to Slavery!

There is nothing of interest between Alten an Hammerfest except the old sea-margins on the cliffs, and a small glacier on the island of Soiland. The coast is dismally bleak and barren. Whales were very abundant; we sometimes saw a dozen spenting at one time. They were of the hump-backed species, and of only moderate size, yet the fishery would doubtless pay very well, if the natives had enterprise enough to undertake it. I be-Here, however, there is no whale fishery on the whole Norwegian coast. The desolate hills of Qvalo, surmounted by the pointed peak of the Tjuve Fjeld, or "Thief Mountain" so called, be cause it steals so much of the Winter sunshine -announced our approach to Hammerfeet, and toward o'clock in the evening we were at anchor in the Bittle barbor. The Summer trade had just opened and forty Russian vessels, which had arrived from the White Sea during the previous week or two by crowded before the large fish warehouses, built along the water. They were all three-masted schooners, the main and mixen masts set close together, and with very heavy, square buils. Strong Museovice faces, adorned with magnificent beards,

stared at as from the decks, and a jubber of Rue san, Figures, Lapp and Korwegisa came from the rough beaus, erowding about our gangways. The south-wind, blowing to us off the land, was filled with the perfume of dried codfes, train-oil and beining whale "scrape," with which, as we some found, the whole place is thoroughly esturated.

There is one hotel in the piace, containing half a doses chambers of the size of a state-room. We secured quarters here with a great deal of difficulty, ewing to slowness of comprehension on the part of an old lady who had charge of the house. The other American, who at first took rooms for himwill and wife, gave them up again, very prudently; for the noises of the billiard-room penetrated through the thin weeden partitions, and my bed, at least, had been slept in by one of the codfish aris toeracy, for the saity oder was so pungent that it kept me awake loras long time. With our fare, we had less reason to complain. Fresh salmon, Afeto plasmigan and reindoer's tengue were delicacies which would have delighted any palate, and the wine had really seen Bordeaux, although rainy weather had evidently prevailed during the voyage the uce to Hammerfest. The town lies in a deep hight pelesed by procipitous cliffs, on the south western side of the island, whence the sun, now long past his mio summer altitude, was not visible at midnight. Those of our passengers who .ntended returning by the "Nordkap" climbed the hills to get another view of him, but unferrence, went word wrong summit, so that they did not see bim after all. I was so fatigued, from the im perfect sleep of the sunshiny nights, and the crowd of new and exciting impressions which the voyage had given me, that I went to bed, but my friend est up until long past midnight, writing, with cur-Most of the travelers who push so far north as

Hammerfest content themselves with one experience of the midnight oun, and return with the same steamer to Droutheim. A few extend their journey to the North Cape, and once a year, on an average, perhaps, some one is adventurous enough to strike across Lapland to Tornes. The steamers, nevertheless, pass the North Cape, and during the Summer make weekly trips to the Varanger Fiord. the extreme eastern limit of the Norwegian territory. We were divided in opinion, whether to devote our week of sunshine to the North Cape, er to make the entire trip and see something of the northern coast of Europe but finally decided that the latter, on the whole, as being unfamiliar ground, would be most interesting. The serew-steamer Gyller (one of Odin's horses) was lying in the harbor when we arrived, and was to leave in the course of the next night; so we lost no time in securing places, as she had but a small cabin and no state-rooms Nevertheless, we have found her very comfortable, and in every respect far superior to the English vessels which ply between Hull and Christiania. Our fellow travelers were all returning to Drontheim-except three Norwegian officers on their way to make an official inspection of the fortress of Wardebuus, and the last we saw of them was their return, an hour past midnight, from making a second attempt to see the sun from the hills. The night was somewhat obscured, and I doubt if they were successful.

When I came on deck yesterday morning, we were in the narrow strait between the island of Magerie, the northern extremity of which forms the North Cape, and the mainland. On either side, the sheres of bare, blesk rock, spotted with patches of moss and stunted grass, rose precipitously from the water, the snow filling up their ravines from the summit to the sea. Not a tree, nor a shrub, nor a sign of human habitation, was visible: there was no fisher's sail on the lonely waters, and only the cries of some sea-gulls, wheeling about the cliffs, broke the silence. As the strait opened to the eastward, a boat appeared, beating into Kjelvik. on the south-eastern corner of the island, but the place itself was concealed from us by an intervening cape. This is the spot which Von Buch visited, in the Summer of 1807, just fifty years ago, and his description would be equally correct at the present day. Here, where the scurvy carries off hair the inhabitants, where pastors coming from Southern Norway die within a year, where no trees grow, no regetables come to maturity, and gales from every quarter of the ley Sea beat the last faint life out of Nature, men will still persist in living, in apparent defiance of all natural laws. Yet they have at least an excuse for it, in the miraculous provision which Providence has made for their food and fuel. The sea and flords are alive with fish, which are not only a means of existence but of profit to them, while the wonderful Gulf Stream, which crosses five thousand miles of the Atlantic to die upon this Ultima Thule in a last struggle with the Polar Sea, costs up the spoils of tropical forests to feed their ares. Think of Arctic fishers burning upon their bearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and

the Orineco! In the Spring months, there are, on an average eight hundred vessels on the Northern Coast, between the North Cape and Vadso, with a fishing population of five thousand men on board, whose average gains, even at the scanty prices they reedive, amount to \$30 spiece, making a total yield of \$150,000. It is only within a very few years that the Norwegian Government has paid any attention to this far corner of the peninsula. At present, considering the slender population, the means of communication are well kept up during eight months in the year, and the result is an inerease (perceptible to an old resident, no doubt) in the activity and prosperity of the country.

On issuing from the strait, we turned southward into the great Porsanger Fiord, which stretches nearly a hundred miles into the heart of Lapland, dividing Western from Eastern Finmark. Its shores are high, monotonous hills, half covered with snow, and barren of vegetation, except patches of grass and moss. If once wooded, like the hills of the Alten Fiord, the trees have long since disappeared, and now nothing can be more bleak and desolate. The wind blow violently from the east, gradually lifting a veil of gray clouds from the cold pale sky, and our slow little steamer, with jib and foretopsail set, made somewhat better progress. Toward evening (if there is such a time in the Arctic Summer), we reached Kistrand, the principal settlement on the fiord. It has eight or nin houses, scattered along a gentle slope a mile in ength, and a little red church, but neither gardens, delds, nor potate patches. A strip of grazing ground before the principal house was yellow with landeliens, the slope behind showed patches of brownish-green grass, and above this melancholy attempt at Summer stretched the cold, gray, snow streeked ridge of the bill. Two boats, manned by es Lappe, with square, blue cape, and long, ragged locks of yellow hair fluttering in the wind, brought out the only passenger and the mails, and we put shout for the mouth of the flord.

Running along under the eastern shore, we ex-

changed the dreadful menulomy through sphick we and been saiting for more rogged and picturesque scenery. Before me rose a wall of dark cliff from Eve to six handred feet in hight, gaping here and there with sharp slefte or gashes, as if it had eracked in cooling, after the primeral area. The summit of those cliffs was the average level of the country, and this peculiarity, we and, applies to all the porthern shore of Flamack, distinguishing the forms of the capes and minnes from these about Alten and Hammerfest, which, again, are quite different from those of the Lofodens. "On returning from Spitzbergen," said a Rammerfest merebast to me, " I do not need to look at coart or compass. when I get sight of the coast; I know, from the formation of the chife, exactly where I am." There is some general resemblance to the chalk blaffs of England, especially about Beachy Head, but the rock here appears to be mica siate, disposed in thin, vertical strate, with many violent transverse breaks.

As we approached the end of the prementery which divides the Porsanger from the Laze Fierd, the rocks became more abrupt and violently shattered. Huge masses, fallen from the summit lined the base of the precipice, which was hollowed into cavernous arches, the home of myriads of coa-gulle. The rock of Sværholt kinb, off the point, resembled a massive fortress in ruins. Its walls of amouth masonry rested on three enormous raults, the piers of which were buttressed with slanting pies of rocky fragments. The ramparts, crenelated in some places, and moldered away in others, and one some places, and moldered away in others, and one fancied he saw in the renue — which had pile the marks of the shot and shell me

wrought its ruin. Thousands of white gulls, gone to their nightly roost, rested on every ledge and cornice of the rock; but preparations were already made to disturb their slumbers. The steamer cannon was directed toward the largest vault, and discharged. The fortress shook with the erashing reverberation; "then rose a strick, as of a city eacked"-a wild, piercing, muddening, myriadtongued ery, which still rings in my ears. With the cry, came a rushing sound, as of a tempest among the woods; a white cloud burst out of the hollow arch-way, like the smoke of an answering shot, and, in the space of a second, the air was filled with birds, thicker than Autuma leaves, and rang with one universal, clanging shries. A second shot, followed by a second outery and an answering discharge from the other caverns almost darkened the

sky. The whirring, ruetling and screaming, as the birds circled overhead, or dropped like thick sourries of snow-flakes on the water, was truly awful. There could not have been less than fifty thousand in the air at one time, while as many more slung to the face of the rock, or screamed from the depth o the vaults. Such an indignation meeting I never attended before; but, like many others I have beard of, the time for action was past before they had de-

eided what to do. It was now 11 o'clock, and Sværholt glowed in fiery bronze luster as we rounded it, the eddies of

returning birds gleaming golden in the necturnal eun, like drifts of beech-leaves in the October air. Far to the north, the sun lay in a bed of saffron light over the clear borizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated above him, and still higher in the sky, where the saffron melted through delicate rese color into blue, hung light wreaths of vapor, touched with pearly, opaline flushes of pink and golden gray. The sea was like a web of pale slate-color, shot through and through with threads of orange and saffron, from the dance of a myriad shifting and twinkling ripples. The air was filled and permeated with the soft, mysterious glow, and even the very azure of the south ern sky seemed to shine through a net of golden gauze. The headlands of this deeply-indented coast -the capes of the Laxe and Porsanger Piords, and of Mageroe-lay around us, in different degrees of distance, but all with foreheads tonehed with supernatural glory. Far to the north-east was Nordkyn the most northern point of the mainland of Europe, gleaming resily and faint in the full beams of the sun, and just as our watches denoted midnight, the North Cape appeared to the westward-a long line of purple bluff, presenting a vertical front of 900 these two magnificent headlands stood the Midnight Sun, shining on us with subdued fires, and with the gorgeous coloring of an hour for which we have no name, since it is neither sunset nor sunrise, but the blended leveliness of both-but shining at the same moment, in the heat and splender of neonday, on the Pacific Isles.

This was the Midnight San as I had dreamed itas I had hoped to see it.

Within fifteen minutes after midnight, there was perceptible increase of altitude, and in less than half an hour the whole line of the sky had changed, the vellow brightening into orange, and the saffron melting into the pale vermilion of dawn. Yet it was neither the colors, nor the same character of light as we had had, half an hour before midnight. The difference was so slight as scarcely to be described, but it was the difference between evening and morning. The faintest transfusion of one prevailing tint into another had changed the whole expression of heaven and carth, and so imperceptibly and miracalously that a new day was already present to our consciousness. Our view of the wild cliffs of Syne. holt, less than two hours before, belonged to rose terday, though we had stood on deck, in full sanshine, during all the intervening time. Had the seneation of a night slipped through our brains, in the momentary winking of the eyes? Or was the old routine of consciousness so firmly stereotyped in our natures, that the view of a morning was sufficient proof to them of the preëxistence of a night? Let those explain the phenomeson who can-but I found my physical senses utterly at war with those mental perceptions wherewith they should harmo nize. The eye saw but one unending day; the mind notehed the twenty four hours on its calendar, as

Before I o'clock, we reached the entrance of the KioBeford, which in the pre-diluvial times must have been a tremendous mountain gorge, like that of Cordo, on the Italian side of the Simplen. Its nouth is about half a mile in breadth, and its depth is not more than a mile and a half. It is completely walled in with sheer precipices of bare rock, from three to five hundred feet in hight, except at the very head, where they subside into a stony heap, upon which some infatuated mortals have built two or three cabins. As we neared the southern headland, the face of which was touched with the purest orange light, while its yawning fleaures lay in deepblue gloom, a tall ruin, with shattered turrets and crumbling spires, detached itself from the mass. and atood alone at the feet of the precipice. This is the Finnkirks, or "Chareb of the Lapps," well known to all the northern coasters. At first, it resembles a fall church with a massive square spire. but the two parts separate again, and you have a erag-perebed easile of the Middle Ages, with its watch-tower-the very counterpart of scores in Cermany-and a quaint Gethic chapel on the point

beyond. The vertical strate of the rock, worn into sharp points at the top and gradually breadening to the base, with samberlars satebed ernaments and channels futed by the rain, make the resemblance marrelous, when seen under the preper effects of bight and shade. The laster in which we saw it had the effect of enchantment. There was a play of colors upon it, such as one sees in illuminates Beerick halls, and I am almost afraid to say bow much I was egraptured by a seems which has not its equal on the whole Norwegian coast ret of which none of ne had ever beard before.

We landed a single passenger-a Generalment Surveyor, apparently—on the heap of rocks beyond, and ran out under the nerthern headland, which, again, charmed no with a givry peonliarly its own. Here, the colors were a part of the substance of the rook, and the sun but hightened and harmonized their teacs. The buge projecting masses of pale yellow had a melicw gleam, like golden chalk; behind them were cliffs, violet in shadow; broad strate of soft red, tipped on the edges with vermilion; thinner layers, which shot up vertically to the hight of four or five hundred feet, and striped the spiendid sea-wall with lines of bronse, orange, brown and dark-red, and great rents and breaks, interrupting those marvelous frescore with their dashes of encertain gloom. I have seen many wenderful aspects of Nature, in many lands, but rock-painting such as this I never beheld A part of its effect may have been owing to atmospheric conditions which must be rare, even in the North; but, without such embellishment. I think the sight of this coast will nobly repay any one for continuing his soyage beyond Hammerfest

We lingered on occa, as point after point rerealed some change in the dazzling diorams, unsertain which was finest, and whether something still grander might not be in store. But at last Nordkyn drew nich, and at 3 o'clock the light became that of day, white and colorless. The north east wind blew keenly seross the Arctic Ocean, and we were both satisfied and fatigued enough to go to bed. It was the most northern point of our voyage-about 710 20', which is further north than I ever was before, or ever wish to be again.

FROM BOSTON.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BOSTON, Wednesday, Oct. 7, 1857. The Republican State Committee held a meeting o day for the purpose of considering the important matter of uniting the two State tickets now headed by Mr. Banks. The "American" State ticket, which was first nominated, is as follows: For Governor, N. P. Binks; Lieutenant-Governor, Eliphalet Trask of Springfield; Secretary of State, Austin L. Rogers of Worcester; Treasurer, Moses Tenney, jr., of Georgetown; Auditor, Chandler R. Ransom of Roxbury; Attorney-General, John H. Chiford. Mesers. Tenney, Ransom and Clifford are now in office. Some days ago, The Bee, which is the organ of the American wing of the Banks party, took down Mr. Ransom's name, that gentleman having declared his purpose of supporting Gov. Gardner. The Rupublican ticket consisted of Mr. Banks for Governor, with the following associates: Lieut.-Governor, Ohver Warner of Southeaupton; Treasurer, Thomas J. Marsh, jr., of tary of State, Joseph White of Lowell; Attorney General, Stephen II. Phillips of Salem. Mr. Phil-lips was placed upon the ticket by the State Com-mittee, Mr. T. D. Eliot of New-Bedford, the nominee of the Convention, having declined.

I understand that Messrs. Warner, White and Taft, on the Republican teket, to-day signified their willingness to withdraw. Mr. Marsh is now in Kansas, and is understood to be willing to withdraw. The resignations were accepted, and a Conference Committee was appointed to arrange with the Banks Americans a new ticket. It is under-stood that when the vacancies are filled, the ticket will present the following appearance: For Gavernor, N. P. Banks; Lieut.-Governor, Eliphalet Trask; Attorney-General, Stephen H. Phillips; Secretary of State, Oliver Warner; Audit, r. Joseph White; Treasurer, Moses Tenney, jr. Messrs. Taft and Marsh are dropped from the Republican side, and Messrs. Ransom, Rogers and Clifford from the American. Messrs. White and Warner are placed in new situations on the telet. I presume that this arrangement will be carried out. There Committee to this arrangement. Mesers. Rodney French, Charles G. Davis and Joseph M. Day opposed the arrangement, but they were overruled Mr. Davis then resigned his place on the Commi-He will bereafter act with the "Straight Re

publicans." The annual meeting of the Central Division of the New-England Protective Union took place to the New-England Protective Conon took pace to-day at Chapman Hall. This institution is a well-intentioned, and, in a considerable degree, a suc-cessful effort, to transact business for the people without the intervention of non-producing "middle-men"—a class who come between the buyer and seller, and absorb a great part of the money en-gaged in business. It makes but little public show, but, in its way, saves a large sum of money to the people. At different times since its organization there have been about 750 divisions organized. They exist in all of the New-England States, and also in New-York, and in some of the Western States. A few of them are as far West as Michigan and Illinois. Probably the whole number now in operation is about five hundred. New ones are erganized every year, and others are discontinued. Some of them are sold out to individuals: others fail: others disconnect themselves from the Parent Division, and proceed on their own account. Within the last three or four years, a schism has occurred in the body, and there are now two agencies in this city, both claiming to be legitimate. I believe, however, that the Division which met day presents the best claim to legitimacy, if tha is a question of any importance. From 30 to 50 delegates were present. In the absence of the President, Mr. Phelps of Vermout, a Vice President presided. William F. Young was Secretary. Mr. Robert Littler read a report of the Board of Trade, from which it appeared that for the last year the Beston Agency had been in three different hands Beston Agency and been in three different hands. The purchases for the quarter ending Jan. 1, 18-37, were by Mr. Devereux, and amounted to \$224,130 68; for the first six months of 18-57, by R. P. Devereux and Daniel Allon, \$329,241 63; from July to Oct., 18-57, by Mr. Allen, \$145,257 78.

Total for the year, \$609,331 29. The amount of produce it approach to the state of the state produce forwarded to and sold by the Central Division Juring the last nine months was \$15,000 c2. The purchases by Mr. W. Chipman, the New-York sgent, during the year, were \$523,000. Whole amount of purchases in Boston and New York, \$1,270,331 59. The rival agency of Mr. Kaulback claims to do a business of some \$1,500,000 a year, but the other side say that Mr. K.'s agency does not confine itself, like Mr. Allen's, to the business of the divisions. Whether this is correct or ness of the divisions. Whether this is correct or not I cannot say, nor do I know that the question is important. I am informed that the agencies do but a small part of the actual business of the five hum dred divisions, which probably amounts to some two millions of dollars a year. Mr. Young stated that the practice which some of the sub-divisions had fallen into, especially in the hard times of the last year, of doing business on credit, has now been wholly stopped, and the organization is in a perfect sound and healthy condition. The government of the concern is distinct from the agency. Its ex-

ace of \$40 in the treasury. An assessment of In the afternoon, reports were received from divisions, comprising 2,643 members. The amount of capital of these divisions is \$105,518 13. Amount of espital of these divisions is \$105,518 13. Amount of their trade for the year, \$741,233 83.

The Committee on Nominations reported the

lewing hat of officers for the ensuing year, which was accepted. President, Francis Pholps of Graf-ton, Vt.: Vice-President, D. W. Hengabon of New-Falem, Mass.; Becretary and Treasurer, William F. Young of Boston. Committee on Trade, Abel Cur-Young of Boston. Committee on Irade, Acal Car-tis of Machas, Maine; C. H. Balley of Nantoghet, Robert Littler of South Trenton, N. Y.; O. Lewis of Wells, Vt.; B. F. Beals of Great Falls, N. H.; J. F. Maynard of Clinton, Mass.; L. Kenyon of Fisherville, Conn.; S. A. Fratt of Warcester, W. Gooch of Wells, Maine. A proposition was made by the rival division for a union of interests, but it was not entertained. GLEFAT.

A VISIT PROM NEWPORT.

Correspondence of The R. T. Pribune
Boston, Oct. 7, 1857. No one leaves the place of his villegialars after the longest sesson, without doing what our friends of the sock and buskin would call "a little tragic business." But when that place is Newport, farewells are tender

and regrets deep.

Oh, Newport | fair, soft Newport-tender, undulating, misty Newport, it is hard to leave thee! Thy beauty wraps itself in with our thread of life, and we part the twain unwillingly. Oh! pleasant country roads, oh! life-giving breezes, oh! days that are one part the train distance.

reads, oh! life-giving breezer oh! days that are one long dream, farewell. Farewell, too, funny little children, with tin dinner-pails, hurrying to school; dusty wagons with dustier farmers; firewell, women dowey but able-bodied, unfamiliar with the "creme de la creme," but making the buffer come in a manner to astonish—those who don't know how. Farewell, all.

For it is a strange folly of mine, Newport, that I thin k of the past Summer as ever present with thee.

In thy shades in thy dells the sanny hours lie buried.

I shall come back next year, and find them there.

The flowers, the birds will wait for me till then. The stream will sleep, and run to meet ma when it hears The flowers, the birds will wait for me thi then. The stream will sleep, and run to meet ma when it hears my voice. If I went back there to day, I should expect to find the warnsth and beauty I had lett. But I cannot go back, and so I shall not see the mouraful moulting of the trees, nor the grass doad and withered. I shall not be undeceived, and shall still think of my more Homes at the Homes of the Homes of Sammer.

moulting of the trees, nor the grass dead and withered. I shall not be undeceived, and shall still think of my mer Home as the Humeet Sauguer.

I drove here, too, in an omnibus. The way is paved and dusty. I pass founderies, bridges, butchers' shops, clothing stores, and, further on, windows ull of millinery, haberdashery and literature. In the back streets I see odd jumbles of rusty trash, disposed in lots to suit customers. Who are these that purchase stove-pipe as I would purchase candy, and to whem an ancient kettle is as a precious Etruscan vase might be to me! Some objects strike on my passing attention. I see a miniature man with a clock in his stomech, and an led to remember how many carry the time of day in like manner. I see a black matta, half life-sire, standing in a doorway—see favorite colored preacher, I suppsee, as he wears a gown. No: it is a deposed Washington, the Lero of some har room or tebacconist's shop, who stands there so nounfully and says, to my heart at least, "Give house-room to the Father of his Country." I see men crowded in cellar reflectories cating sgainst time, and one who comes up purple in the face, as if he had he wears of it. But I leave all these, and came into the one who comes up purple in the face, as if he had the worst of it. But I leave all these, and come into the region of toy-snops and those dry goods with the house-room to the rejectories cating sgainst time, and one who comes up purple in the face, as if he had the worst of it. But I leave all these, and come into the region of toy-snops and those dry goods which, to our fair friends, are not a dry study, but an ever-recurring refreehment. I come to Ficknor's window, and cannot help havarding an anxious look. Some of us are there, and some of us have been taken down not a little, it may be, in one way or another. Fie, how dismail the streets are't how gray and sact the faces! Poor men-poor anxious husbands and fathers, poor masters of the unemployed poor. How happy are we, who could not have any notes out if we would, and to whem the terror of State street is terra uncognitat.

Now is the time for Woman to be of use. She can do little to avert. We hope and believe that she is at home, doing her duty, or abroad, extending the sphere of her aid and sympathy. She must have no new drasses this Fall. She must take leave of the carriage and house without hysterical emotion. They nay come back some day; meanwhile, make the best of it. Let reatness and diligence smooth over the gaps of uprooted lutery—let the children be chrished as inture helps, not wept over as present burdens. Above all, have a cheerful face and warm comfort for that forlorn individual who must presently come home weary, worn, bailled and at his wit's end. Yea, I say unito you, cheer him.

But my business is not in the city to-day. I am going to a funeral, the funeral of perhaps the richest man in town. This Traisure can't be there in any person but mine, and I think it right that that great organ abould be represented on all public occasions. The present is almost one. The pretty country road is througed with carriages, for he is to be buried from his villa. You can see it at some distance—it is lofty and large. The carriages enter by a noble avenue; their number makes one anticipate a feetivity, in apite of cover! The aman and a free to have open out into apartments whose splendors are traditional in

becomes thy decent refuge; no wistful thought will follow thee there.

But Time passes—the corpse has spoken—it is now the clergyman's turn. Two of them divide the honors of the occasion. The first reads words of Scripture in a clear, deep voice, which seems to make the present one of the universal lessons of mortality, and its accompanying sorrow and submission. The second begins a prayer. Oh! but it is a long one—piouslyment and well-expressed, no doubt, but why so long! Prayer is a privilege, is it not! an antience assumed or granted. Having profiered our request and exposed our need, we have leave to withdraw, one would think. Parden me, great Tanaese, if I am unchatitable, you who never are, but I cannot he p thinking—jes, I must say it—that the clergymen of Boston are greatly given to the gierification of rish men in their funeral prayers and crations. They magnify the part played by the defunct unifonaire, as it was magnified in life by the fake medium of his money. But Death charges all that. Should they not rather take their text from the vanity of all human distinctions? Should they not say: "This dust before you is even as other dust—pay to it no other tribute than that due to our common humanity. Its virtues ask your remembranes, it is common humanity. Its virtues ask your remembrance, to sine implore your charity: it was but a men, it is now less than nothing. Pray God for its peace, and depart reverently, seeing that we have all one end."
But such denigode as they make the rich in their deaths—it outrages the modesty of the occasion, which seeks rather an apolegy for the present littleness of past greatness—for the obscure exit of one so lately conspicuous in the eyes and thoughts of men.

Well, the prayer is at an end—the long procession of frier da has taken its farowell look at the features of the deceased worn by much sufficiency that they

of friends has leaven its infower book at the leatures of the deceased, worn by much suffering—then, they gather at the great windows to behold him borne forever from his stately home—they see what he cannot see, the fair laws, beautifully undulating, plumed with feathers along the netted animals, the stlendid consersee, the fair laws, beautifully undulating, plumed with feathery alms, the petied animals, the splendid conservatories. They are sad at heart for him as the heavily draped heare carries him away—they wish he could have lived to enjoy all these pleasant things a few years longer, it is so soon over at the best! He was, after all but an average man, neither better nor wiser than other mer. He had done some generous deeds which they now recall with pleasure. They wish him at known stores of this wealth, sloce it is all be can possess now, and those whem his bounty male be can possess now, and those whem his bounty male rich, if such there be, are they who make him rich to day. So sad, fo whimsical is this. A poor old woman, with a sixponce, a blanket, a pair of stockings provided by him, can belp him more at this moment there all the rums areassed by put aful labor and cuming calculation. ning calculation.

There that is moralizing enough for one letter, mys

For Trauss. Yes indeed, my friend, but you to exember that I do not go to a funeral every day; sides, did I not say that I should be decorous?

## FROM MARYLAND.

Correspondence of Tee N. Y. Tribuco. Electron, Md., Oct. 5, 1857.

The Democratic party in Maryland has mounted the "nigger" bobby, and is riding it under whip and spar. Cel. Groome, their nominee, or rather recommendee, for Governor, has, during the past two or three weeks, been stumping the State and defining his position to the electors. Although he indorses and heartily approves the principles of the Calbonnites-the self-styled Democracy of the day -the Colonel facetiously insists upon calling binself an Oid Line Whig. The greater pertion of his speeches, however, are devoted to proving himself sound upon the goods, and "satisfying all who hear him," according to the journals favorable to his election, "that Know-"Nothings in the North is the direct ally of Abo-"I lionism, and must, of necessity, be indirectly so

"in the Scuth." And upon the same key-ness the Buchanan papers in the State are howing in one interminable strain. The Bultimore Armays: "It is an andeniable fact that his conduct in the last Congress of the United States palpably proves that Henry Winter Davis is an Analy by proves that Henry Winter Davis is an Analy bitonist," and thinks the voters of his district will certainly "not adopt the suicidal policy of re-electing this Mr. Davis."

The Frederick Living uses amiles in the state of th

The Frederick Union uses similar language in relation to the Hon. H. W. Hoffman, and adds:
"We shall show that the votes of Davis and Hoffman with the Black Republicans were a part of a matured pisn! That when the Know Northing order

an Emarcipationist in Miscouri for Governor, it was but the development of the conspiracy by which the entering we due of Abolition is to be introduced in the fourteen S uthern States! The proof is ample and complete! The conviction will be sure and overwhening!"

wheming!"

The Cecil Democrat foams and how's incessantly about "Abolitionism and Black Republicanism, and accuses the The Baltimore Clipper, for laving spoken favorably of the Cleveland Emancipation Convention, of "opreading the virus of Abolitionism broadcast over the State." The Easton Star take. "Is the Know-Nothing party reliable for the South? "Is the Know Nothing party remains for the South?

"Can slaveholders give countenance and support is such a party, by voting for its candidates for any "cfice?" and alleges that the fact of an Emaneigationist baving been run for Governor in Missour, has "created a very general doubt throughout the South as to the reliability of that party on the questions of the day in which the South is most interested." "of the day in which the South is most interested."
It also admonishes its readers that "if slaveholders is would be true 'a themselves and the South, they "should, to a man, vote for Col. Groome and the "whole Democratic ticket." And so might I goen quoting from all the presses of "see sham Democracy of Moraland but it is many the sham Democracy of Moraland but it is of Maryland but it is unnecessary. I have given enough from them to show that the idea which they wish to keep mest prominent before the people during the he people during the present campaign is that the dispidated, down-at-the-heel faction whose sent ments they eche, is the only party true to the interests of the Seath (mind you, they never mention the interests of the Union—they are nothing in com-parison with the interests of the 347,000 slave-ewners who are denominated the South), and that Know Nothingism is the ally and besom friend of Republicanism. One of the journals from which I "show the people of Maryland the phenix in will arise from the ashes of Know Nothingism here, and that it will be the fac simile of Yankee Abo.

"litionism!"
The "prescriptive features of Know-Nothingism"
used to be the point of attack upon which all the
Democratic orators and newspapers in this State
concentrated; but they appear to have entirely deserted that, so they might be able the more effectually to give Abolitionism fits. What the Democracy mean by Abolitionism is rather difficult to
define, but in their political vecabulary it appears to
he a word of vast comprehensiveness. If a man exdefine, but in their pointed vectoriary it appears to be a word of vast comprehensiveness. If a man ex-presses himself in opposition to the Kansas-Nebrasha iniquity and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he is instantly put down as an Abolitionist. If he is in favor of Free Soil for Free white men or opposed to the extension of Slavery into territory now free, he is an Abolitionist. If he thinks Free white labor is degraded by being brought in competition with black Slave labor, he is an Abolitit nist. If he thinks either the Federal or State Government has any right to interfere with Slavery at any time, in any place or in any way, except be protect it, he is an Abolitionist. If he doesn't be-neve Slavery exists "under the Constitution," in every State and Territory, he is an Abolitionist. If he doesn't believe negret slavery the greatest bigsing ever vouchsafed to mankind, and also that the country where it has not an existence is supremely cursed and God-forsaken, he is an Abolitionist. If he does not believe the Declaration of Independence is "a self-evident lie," or at least "a bundle of glittering generalities," he is an Abolitionist. If, to sum up the whole, he doesn't believe it to be the duty of every man who is able, to own two or three likely niggers. It learns them soundly every more. likely niggers, to larrup them soundly every mern-ing before breakfast, and, moreover, to vote the Democratic ticket and indorse all the abomination of that party, he is an Abelitionist. Thus, stands the contest in Maryland. All the

Thus stands the contest in Maryland. All the orators and presses of the Democracy are insisting upon it that Abolitionism is the most prominent sue involved in the contest, and that if the Democratic party fails to carry the State it will be a triumph for Black Republicanism, and one that will cheer the hearts of the friends of Free-Soilism as well as these of Americanism. They have determined it shall be so. Nothing else will satisfy them. The good people of Maryland, they tell us, must now decide whether they prefer Abolitionism to Democracy. We will watch the result, and hear what they say after the November election. what they my after the November election

FROM KANSAS.

Correspondence of The Cincinnati Sasette. A trip along the river towns and into this northern part of the Territory, convinces me that there is elight difference between the popular sentiment here and in the valley of the Kanesa. In the Kanesa valley, and on its tributaries, the people are more radical. There the agricultural interest predominates, while here the commercial element takes the lead, and the people manifest less concern for human rights, and a greater indifference to despotic usurpations. Quindare, near the mouth of the Kaness, and Denlphan, about nidway between that point and the Nebraska line, are the only two genuine Free State towns on the Missouri River. light difference betw

discouri River.

At Leavenworth, the Prec-State people are siready At Leavenworth, the Presence property of the election, and are in fear of an invasion. Here there is more confidence. It is hard to determine what the result will be. We are on the eve of an important election, in which the Free-State men, confident that they are a large majority of the bona fide inhabitants are going to the confident which the present and arrangements. participate, yet in which the powers and arrangements are all against them. The begus laws, the apportionment, and the Judges are on the side of their oppo-

Many are disheartened; others are still hopeful. Many are disheartened; others are still hopeful. Nominatious have been made on both sides—too Pro-Slavery then terming their candidates "National Demograts," though this party is made up entirely of these who have joined in the Pro-Slavery crusade. For the first time they have taken the stump in this canvas. They do not succeed in making any impression, and probably did not expect to do so, their design being rather to give a color of regularity to their proceedings, outside of Kansas.

Gov. Wasker has ordered the Free State volunteers, organized to protect the ballot box, to be dishanded, having refused Gen. Lane's offer to place them at his disposal. They are very quiet, and it is not likely that any number of them will be unustored at any point.

That the Pro-Slavery sentiment is not dead, is crident from the effort recently made to remove the Land

That the Pro-Slavery sentiment is not dead, is evident from the effort recently made to remove the Land Office from Doniphan. When the office was located here it was thought to be a Pro-Slavery town. Gen. Lane and n company of Free-State men settled here about that time, and it has now a different political character. The attempt to remove the Land Office, though it was lately reported to have succeeded, has ertirely failed. It cannot be done.

We learn from a gentleman just returned from Washington, that it has been decided to remove the Central Indian Agency from St. Louis, where it has been lecated for many years, to this city, and that secretary Stanica will probably be appointed to take take charge of it.

[Leavenworth Times.

Carat Burak.—From a letter received by O. N.
Chapir, eq., of this city, dated Utlea, Cot. 6, we learn that no boate had passed east of that piace for five cays, on account of a break which occurred at New-London. The broak was repaired on Sunday evening to that boats passed, but it soon after again gave way.

The Utlea papers of the 6th inst. say that the break has been repaired. Some idea of the difficulty in repairing it may be had, when it is stated that it was some 75 to 100 feet in length, close by and a part of a culvert, and the water covered some tanaers of lead, cuivert, and the water covered some ten acree of land, carried off a barn filled with hey, and left it, when the water subsided, upon a back of gravel some four

STIGIDE FOR LOVE.—A wretched victim of mis-placed confidence, named Wm. Huling, committed suicide in Iowa, last week, under the following circumstances: He had been paying serious attentions to a young lady, and seeing her ride past with another gentleman, and knowing that they would soon return, he went and hung himself upon an apple tree by the roadside, in full view of the lady and his rival, and

CAUTION TO LADIES, - A lady, residing in the vilcon expired. lage of Stanford, Conn., was very severely burned on Friday swening last in the following manner: She had been applying to near a lish ted large for oil and alcohol, and approaching to near a lish ted large her head because seveloped in a black, and the dame was not extinguished with the lady was to severely her red that she is now considered to be in a critical signature.